

Exultationis Carmen
TO THE
KINGS
MOST EXCELLENT
MAJESTY
UPON HIS MOST
Desired Return.

By Rachel Jevon, Presented with her own Hand, Aug. 16th.

CAROLUS *En rediit, redeunt Saturnia regna.*



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Exultationis Carmen

1742

OST EXCELLENT

Y

Defunctus



TO THE
MOST PIOUS and *MOST SERENE*
 OF

K I N G S,

The Unworthiest of His

M A J E S T I E S
 H A N D - M A I D S

With all Humility Offers this

Congratulatory Poem.

D Read Sovereign *CHARLES!* O King of Most
 Renown!
 Your Countries Father; and Your Kingdoms
 Crown;

More Splendid made by dark Afflictions Night;
 Live ever Monarch in Coelestial Light:
 Before Your Sacred Feet these Lines I lay,
 Humbly imploring, That, with Gracious Ray,
 You'd daign these first unworthy Fruits to view,
 Of my dead Muse, which from her Urn You drew:
 Though for my Sexes sake I should deny,
 Yet EXULTATION makes the Verse, not I;

B

And

And shouting cryes, *Live Ever CHARLES*, and *Be
Most Dear unto Thy People, They to Thee.*

Welcome Milde *Cæsar*, born of Heav'nly Race,
A Branch most Worthy of Your Stock and
The Splendour of Your Ancestors, whose Star (Place,
Long since out-shin'd the golden *Phæbus* far;
The living Image of our Martyr'd King,
For us His People freely suffering;
Sprung from the *Rose* and *Flower-de-luce* most fair,
The Spacious World ne're boasted such an Heir.
Ye Pious Pens, pluckt from a Seraphs Wing,
Of His high Fame, teach future Times to sing.
Ye lofty Muses of *Parnassus* Hill,
Auspicious be to my unlearned Quill,
Vouchsafing leave the Travels to recite
Of this Great Prince, long Banish'd from His Right;
Which Valiant He, did stoutly undertake
For His Religion, and His Countries sake.
After the murder of our *CHARLEMAIN*,
(Whose lasting Honour ne're shall know a Wane,
But to the Skies Tryumphantly ascend,
As His bright Soul did to *Elizium* tend,)
The Scots our *CHARLES* th' undoubted Heir recall,
And with His Grandsires Glory Him Install;
But after this (*O cruel Fates!*) betray'd
He was to th' English, who with rage assay'd
Him to accost, throughout this Brittish Isle;
Could ever Rebels act a part so vile?
Hence, hence sad sorrows, and all past annoys,
Let nought approach You but tryumphant Joys;
And let us now remember with delight
Your strange escape from *Worcsters* bloody fight,
Through

Through Thundring Troops of armed foes, whose strife
Was to bereave You of Your sacred life.

Where many thousand *Brittains* spilt their blood;
Weltring in gore, for King and Countries good:

How oft have I Your cruel fates bewail'd?

How oft to Heaven have our Devotions fail'd,

Through tides of briny tears, and blown with gales
Of mournful sighes, which daily fil'd the Sails?

That Heaven it's sacred Off-spring would defend,
And to their sorrows put a joyful end.

Propitious were the Heavens to our just Prayer:

You on their Wings the blessed Angels bare

Through thousand dangers, which by Land You past,
Till suddenly into the Sea being cast,

The Deities of *Pontus* flowing Stream,

Did unto You than men far milder seem.

Great *Æolus* himself hasts You to meet,

Prostrates the winds before Your Sacred Feet;

Then with his power commands the fiercer Gales;

Into their Den, lest they disturb Your Sails:

Neptune straight calms the raging of the Sea,

Before Your Stem the pleasant *Dolphins* play;

The surly Waves appeas'd, most gladly bore,

The happy Vessel to the happier Shore.

Then wandring through inhospitable Lands,

Still seeking rest, the world amazed stands

To see Him banished from every part

Of its great Orb, Yet from His Faith not start;

Nor to regain His Fathers Rights would He,

From th'ancient Worship of His Fathers flee,

For every Kingdom He subdu'd by Charms,

Of Love and Piety, more strong then Armies.

France with her hair dishevel'd, torn and sad,
 With bloody Robes of civil War beclad,
 With joy receives this Deity of peace,
 Who having caus'd those civil Wars to cease,
 The barbarous Vine the *Royal Oak* refus'd,
 To please the Tyrants, nature's bands she loos'd;
 But He unmov'd in faith their *Lillies* fled,
 And to th'unstable Willows wandered.
 Who most ungratefully did Him reject,
 That them the rebel brambles might protect.
 The *Royal Oak* by storms of leaves bereav'd,
 The generous *Olive* to its soil receiv'd;
 Straight follows peace, its Deity being come;
 Aside they lay their Arms, Sword, Pike and Drum;
 The other Trees all shivering as a Reed,
 To make a League with th' *Royal Oak* agreed;
 At length *Druina* ravished with love,
 Humbly recalls Him to His native Grove,
 In peace to triumph, and to Reign a Lord
 O're hearts subdu'd by Love, not by the Sword.
 His Native Country faint and languishing,
 Humbly implores the presence of her King:
 Loe how the late revolted Sea obeys,
 How gladly it the Billows prostrate lays
 Before Your Royal Navy, proud to bring
 Three widdow'd Kingdoms their espoused King!
 How do the winds contend, the spreading Sails
 Of Your blest Ships, to fill with prosperous Gales;
 The Fates are kind; Conduct You to the Shoar,
 To welcome You the Thundring Canons roar;
 Your ravisht Subjects over-joy'd do stand,
 To see the stranger, (*P E A C E*) with You to land,

With

With You to earth *Africa* fair is come,
 And Golden times in Iron ages room :
 Much Honour hath both Church and State adorn'd,
 Since You, our Faiths Defender, are return'd ;
 For of the Church the Honour and Renown,
 Are unto Kings the strongest Towre and Crown :

Behold how *Thames* doth smooth her silver Waves !
 How gladly she, Your gilded Bark receives ;
 Mark how the courteous Stream her Arms doth spread,
 Proud to receive You to her watry Bed.
 The old *Metropolis* by Tyrants torn,
 Your presence doth with beauteous youth adorn.
 On You how doe the ravish't people gaze ?
 How do the thronging Troops all in a maze
 Shout loud for joy, their King to entertain,
 How do their Streets with Triumphs ring again.

Great *CHARLS*, Terrestrial God, Off-spring of Heaven,
 You we adore, to us poor mortals given,
 That You (*Our Life*) may quicken us again,
 Who by our Royal *MARTYRS* death were slain,
 For we on earth as Corps inanimate lay,
 Till You (*Our Breath*) repaired our decay :
 Loe how old *Tellus* courts Your Sacred Feet,
 Array'd with flowery Carpets peace to greet ;
 As *Phæbus* when with glorious Lamphe views,
 Earth after Winter, tender grasse renews ;
 So through the world Your radiant Vertues Shine,
 Enlightning all to bring forth Fruits Divine :
 Or as the drops distill'd by *April* showers,
 Produce from dryest earth imprison'd flowers ;

So Your sad Fates sprinkled with holy eyes,
 Plung'd in Your Kingly tears, have reacht the skies,
 And from the appeas'd Deity brought down;
 To adorn Your Sacred Temples many a Crown.
 The first of glory which shall ever last,
 In Heaven of Heavens, when all the rest are past;
 The Second shines with Virtues richly wrought
 Upon Your Soul, with Graces wholly fraught.
 The Third resplendent with your peoples Loves,
 Their Hearts by joy being knit like Turtle-Doves.
 The Fourth's compleat by Your high Charity,
 Which hath subdu'd and pardon'd th' enemy.
 The Fifth shall shine with Gold and Jewels bright,
 Upon Your Head, O *Monarch!* our Delight,
 Where the Almighty grant it flourish may,
 Until in Heaven You shine with Glorious Ray.
 Who doth not stand amazed thus to see
 The spotless Turtle Dove Espous'd to be
 Unto a Bride whose Robes with blood are foul;
 Loe Lovely CHARLES with Dove-like Gallant Soul,
 (Coming to th' Ark of His blood delug'd Land,
 With peaceful Olive in His Sacred Hand)
 Espoused is to *Albion* dy'd in gore,
 And to her Princely Beauty doth restore.
 Then Celebrate the Espousals of our King,
 With us let far and near all Nations Sing,
 Let all the World shout loud perpetually,
 LET CHARLES LIVE LONG AND RENEW'D ETERNITY.
 Rejoyce ye Forrests, your choice pleasures yield,
 The Royal Hunter Crowns the verdant field
 And Leap for joy ye Beasts of every Plain,
 Behold Your King (the Lion) comes to Reign.

Let

Let shady Woods and Groves together dance
 To see the *Royal Oak* to them advance,
 Whilst Nymphs resound, O thrice, thrice happy they!
 Who have the Honour, their faint Limbs to lay
 Under the shadow of th' Illustrious *Oak*
 Expanded, to depell from Saints the Stroak
 Of Tyrants tempests, and a Pillar (squar'd
 By Crosses) for the Church of God prepar'd;
 Where we may live to sing aloud His Praise,
 With heart and voice, and Organs sweetest Lays,
 Who hath our *DAVID'S* Prayer not withstood;
 But made his Off-spring, *CHARLES* the *Great*, and *Good*;
 And banishing all sorrow from His Seed;
 Highly Enthron'd Him in His Fathers stead;
 That He may shine a Splendid Star to damp
 Throughout the world at noon bright *Phæbus* Lamp,
 And trample down those Tyrants with His Might,
 Who dare contemn His Universal Right;
 At length Your rip'ned Years being Crown'd with *Glory*,
 Justice and Peace, unparallel'd by story:
 Coclestial *CHARLES* Triumphantly Ascend
 To enjoy the Heavens in Bliss without all End.

GLORY TO GOD ALONE,
 THRICE BLESSED THREE IN ONE.

FINIS.